



THE PAPER WITH SPIDER-MAN, SGT. FURY...AND MORE!

POW!

No.37

30th SEPT 1967

EVERY
MONDAY

7d.

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.25c. WEST AFRICA 1/- SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/8 NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966



"DUEL WITH DAREDEVIL"

Also FEATURING THE UNIQUE VILLAINY OF
THE RINGMASTER And CIRCUS
His OF CRIME



ACTION!
Thrills!
SUSPENSE!

**ALL
IN
THIS
ISSUE!**

A TEEN-AGER'S LIFE IS FILLED WITH UPS AND DOWNS! THIS IS ONE OF THE DOWNY PERIODS FOR YOUNG PETER PARKER, AS HIS WELL-MEANING AUNT TALKS ON, AND ON, AND ON...

BUT WHY WOULDN'T YOU CALL MARY JANE WATSON?? I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE HER IF YOU DATED HER!

BUT I'VE GOT A GIRL FRIEND, AUNT MAY! I DON'T WANT ANY BLIND DATES!

BUT MRS. WATSON IS SUCH A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! AND HER NIECE, MARY JANE, WOULD JUST LOVE TO MEET YOU! AND YOU'RE NOT REALLY ENGAGED, OR ANYTHING?

GOSH, AUNT MAY, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO ARRANGE MY OWN DATES... HONEST!

I'M NOT GETTING ANY STUDYING DONE! I MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT.

I'LL BE BACK LATER, AUNT MAY! I'M GOING OUT FOR SOME AIR!

BE SURE YOU DRESS WARMLY, DEAR! IT'S A BIT NIPPY OUT!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, IF DOTING AUNT MAY HADN'T GLANCED SKYWARD, SHE'D SEE THE MOST COLOURFUL, MOST DRAMATIC, MOST EXCITING OF ALL SUPER-HEROES SWINGING THROUGH THE SKY... NOT FEELING THE NIP IN THE AIR ONE SINGLE BIT!

GOOD OL' AUNT MAY! SHE MEANS WELL, BLESS HER... BUT SOMETIMES I THINK I'LL POP ANY COOK IF I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HER NAGGING!

AFTER LONG, RELAXING MINUTES OF EFFORTLESSLY PROPELLING HIMSELF FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP, SPIDER-MAN COMES TO A SUDDEN HALT... HIS KEEN EYES SPOTTING TROUBLE BELOW...

WELL, WELL! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THIS EVENING WON'T BE A TOTAL WASTE, AFTER ALL!

FOUR SHADY-LOOKING CHARACTERS, RACING OUT OF THE REAR OF THAT STORE... CARRYING MONEY BAGS! JUST WHAT I NEED TO SNAP MYSELF OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS!

STEP ON IT! THE BURGLAR ALARM WENT OFF! THE COPS'LL BE AFTER US SOON!

LOOK! A BLIND MAN! HE MIGHT HAVE HEARD OUR VOICES! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE TO IDENTIFY US LATER.

UH-OH! THAT INNOCENT BYSTANDER IS IN FOR TROUBLE! BUT... NOT FOR LONG!

HOLD ON, BOYS... WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS "LET'S GET ACQUAINTED WITH SPIDER-MAN WEEK"??

KEEP RUNNIN'! HE CAN'T CATCH US ALL!

YEAH! HE'S ONLY ONE GUY!

EXACTLY TWO SECONDS LATER, THAT "ONE GUY" ATTACKS LIKE A TASK FORCE!!

WHAP! THONK! POW!

...THIS'LL ONLY HURT...

...FOR A MINUTE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING, BOYS....

TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN HAS HIS FOUR EX-SPARRING PARTNERS ALL NICELY GIFT-WRAPPED AND READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE POLICE EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS LATER...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER? NEED ANY HELP IN GETTING WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

NO, THANKS! I CAN MANAGE! BUT I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU, MR. EH... SPIDER-MAN, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S THE NAME, PAL! BUT DON'T BOTHER THANKING ME... JUST REMEMBER ME IN YOUR WILL! AND YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL NOT TO WALK IN THESE LONELY NEIGHBOURHOODS WHEN IT STARTS GETTING DARK!

TO SOMEONE LIKE ME, NIGHT AND DAY ARE THE SAME! BUT THANKS, ANYWAY!

SO THAT WAS SPIDER-MAN!! HMM... I'D SAY HE'S ABOUT 17... FIVE FOOT TEN INCHES... AND, JUDGING BY THE SOUND OF HIS PULSE AND HEARTBEATS, IN EXCELLENT HEALTH...



WOULDN'T HE BE AMAZED IF HE KNEW THAT I COULD "SEE" EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED WITH MY SENSES, AS WELL AS HE COULD WITH HIS EYES!



IN FACT, I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO CATCHING THOSE FOUR CROOKS MYSELF! BUT, I DIDN'T DARE CHANGE WHILE SPIDER-MAN COULD SEE ME!



NOW, DUE TO THE DELAY I'M LATE RETURNING TO THE OFFICE, AND I DON'T WANT KAREN AND FOGGY TO WORRY ABOUT ME...

SO I'LL TRAVEL A BIT FASTER NOW... AS ONLY DAREDEVIL CAN!

* AND IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT DAREDEVIL SUPER-HEROES HIS WAY THROUGH "SMASH" EACH WEEK—THEN SHAME ON YOU!!

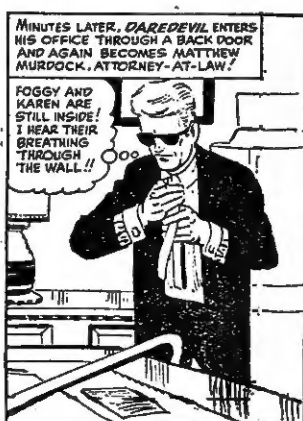


MY BUILT-IN "RADAR SENSE" ENABLES ME TO DETECT OBJECTS ALL AROUND ME, AND MY SENSE OF HEARING, TOUCH, TASTE AND SMELL... MAGNIFIED DOZENS OF TIMES MORE THAN NORMAL... FORM MY INFALLIBLE "EYES"!



I CAN EVEN "HEAR" THE SHAPE OF ANY OBJECT...

...BY ANALYZING THE SOUND OF AIR CURRENTS AS THEY SWIRL AROUND IT!



MINUTES LATER, DAREDEVIL ENTERS HIS OFFICE THROUGH A BACK DOOR AND AGAIN BECOMES MATTHEW MURDOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW!

FOGGY AND KAREN ARE STILL INSIDE! I HEAR THEIR BREATHING THROUGH THE WALL!!



AND THEN...

OH, MR. MURDOCK! WE DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

I'M TAKING KAREN TO THE CIRCUS TOMORROW, MATT... AND WE WONDERED IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US!

THE CIRCUS?



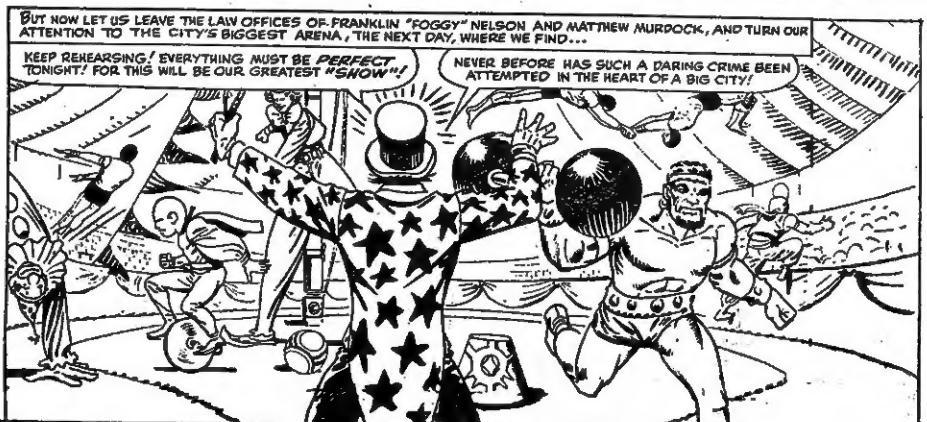
NO, THANKS, FOGGY! YOU TWO GO AHEAD AND ENJOY YOURSELVES! I HAVE QUITE A BIT OF UNFINISHED WORK TO CATCH UP ON TOMORROW!

BUT, MR. MURDOCK... YOU WORK SO HARD! YOU NEED SOME RELAXATION!



KAREN'S RIGHT, MATT! YOU MUSTN'T ALLOW YOUR HANDICAP TO MAKE YOU A RECLUSE! YOU CAN'T WORK ALL THE TIME!

I DARE NOT TELL THEM THE TRUTH... THAT I DON'T TRUST MY FEELING FOR KAREN... IT'S BETTER THAT I DON'T SEE HER SOCIALLY!



BUT NOW LET US LEAVE THE LAW OFFICES OF FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON AND MATTHEW MURDOCK, AND TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE CITY'S BIGGEST ARENA, THE NEXT DAY, WHERE WE FIND...

KEEP REHEARSING! EVERYTHING MUST BE PERFECT TONIGHT! FOR THIS WILL BE OUR GREATEST "SHOW"!

NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH A DARING CRIME BEEN ATTEMPTED IN THE HEART OF A BIG CITY!



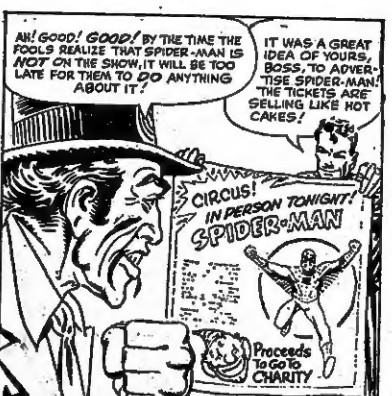
EVER SINCE THE HULK DEFEATED ME MONTHS AGO, I'VE PLANNED THIS ONE SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE... TO OUTDO ANYTHING WE'VE EVER DONE IN THE PAST!!

*AS TOLD IN "SMASH" NO. 19—BART.



BRING ME THE NEWSPAPERS, THE ADS, THE POSTERS! I WANT TO CHECK THEM! WE MUST MAKE SURE WE PLAY TO A SELL-OUT AUDIENCE TONIGHT!

HERE THEY ARE, RINGMASTER! EVERYTHING IS THE WAY YOU WANT IT!



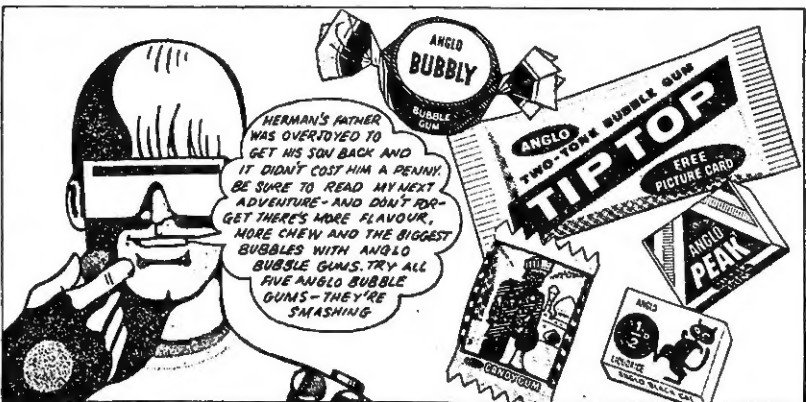
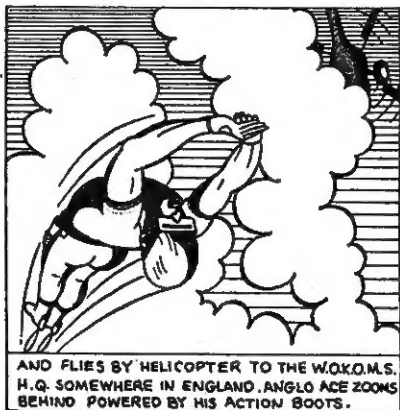
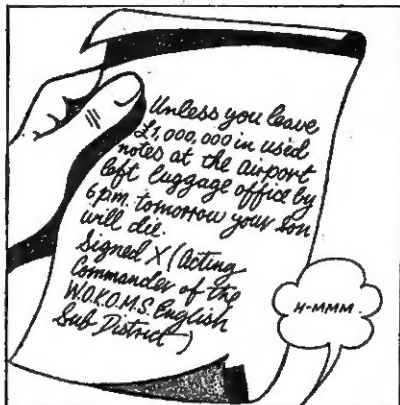
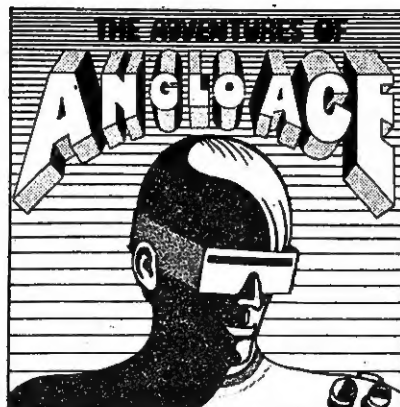
AN! GOOD! GOOD! BY THE TIME THE FOOLS REALIZE THAT SPIDER-MAN IS NOT ON THE SHOW, IT WILL BE TOO LATE FOR THEM TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

IT WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, BOSS! TO ADVERTISE SPIDER-MAN! THE TICKETS ARE SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES!

CIRCUS! IN PERSON TONIGHT! SPIDER-MAN

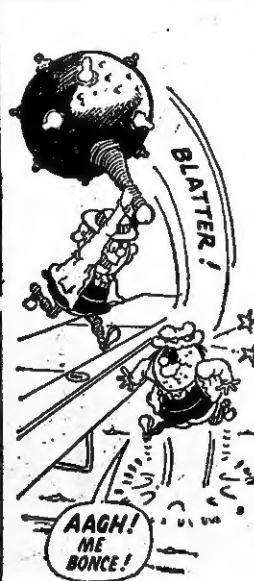
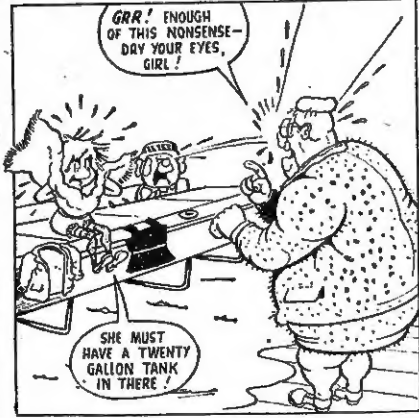
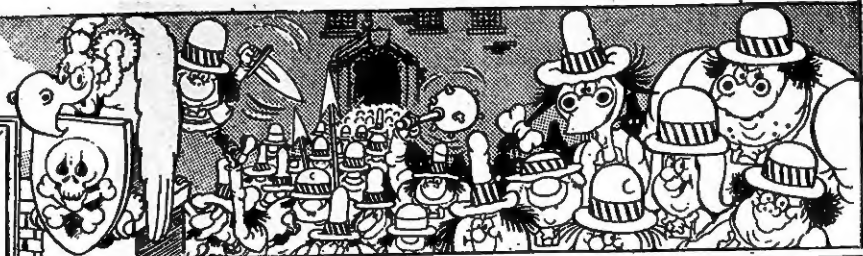
Proceeds To Go To CHARITY

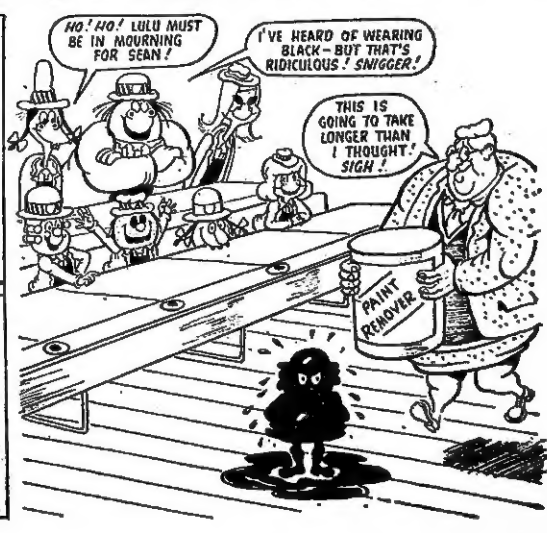
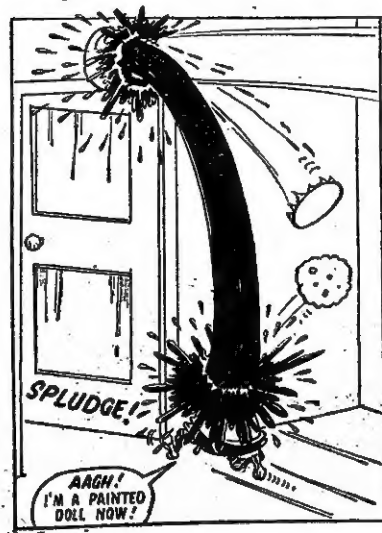
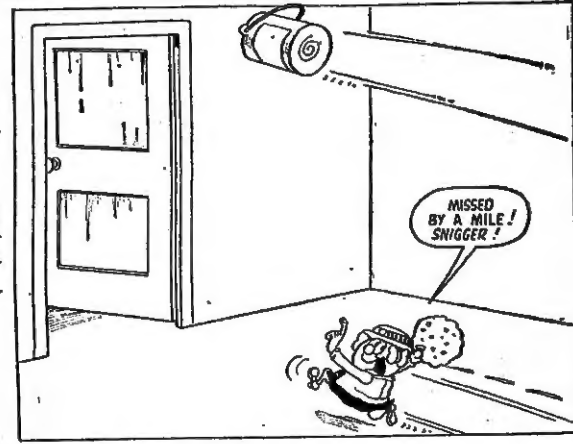
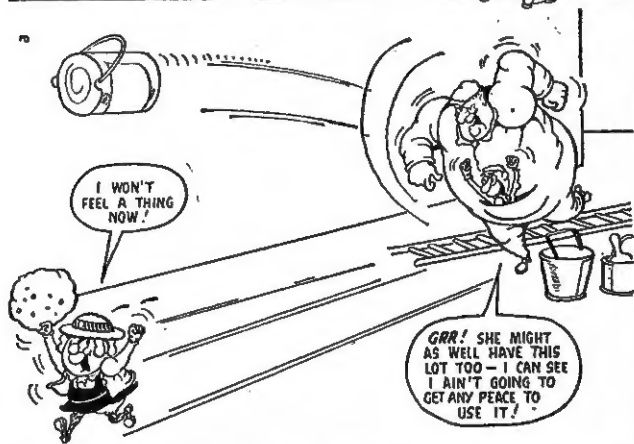
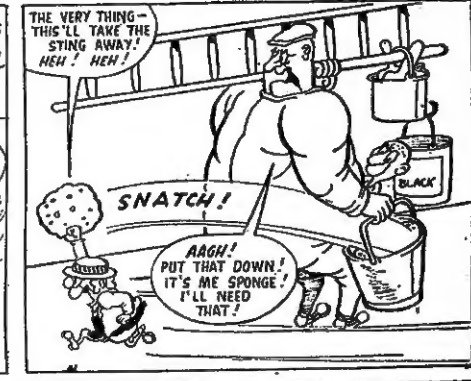
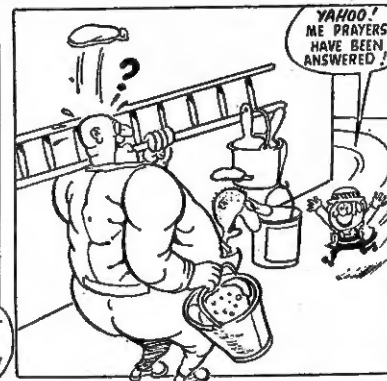




ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW - AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

The Dolls of ST. DOMINIC'S

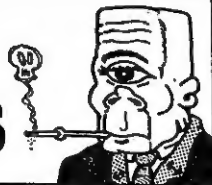




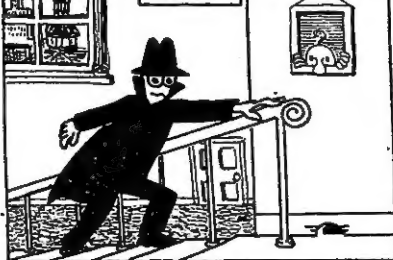
THE CLOAK



VS. CYCLOPS



OUR HERO HAS BEATEN THE GHASTLY COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS AND IS NOW HUNTING FOR CYCLOPS. EDITOR OF THE COMIC "GHOUL". LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT CYCLOPS IS LURKING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, AS YOU CAN SEE BY LOOKING AT THE NEXT PETRIFYING PANEL!



CURSES! HE'S AFTER ME! I MUST ESCAPE THEN START UP "GHOUL" COMICS SOMEWHERE ELSE!



STOP! THE GAME IS UP!

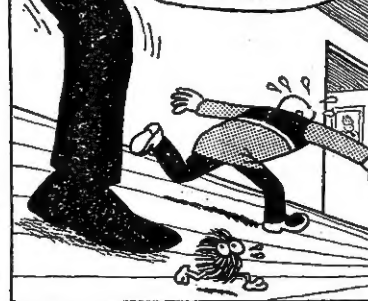


WRONG, CAPED CLOD! THE GAME IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING!

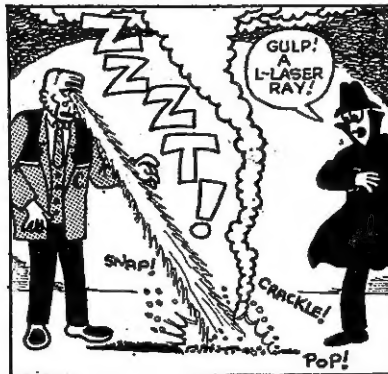
HOW'S THIS FOR A BIT OF FAST BOWLING?



NOT IMPRESSED! LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO IN A HUNDRED YARD DASH!



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING GAMES! I'M GOING TO HEAT THINGS UP FOR YOU!



I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED TO CYCLOPS OF THE X MEN?



I'M NOT, BUT OUR SUB-STANDARD SCRIPTWRITER COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ORIGINAL!

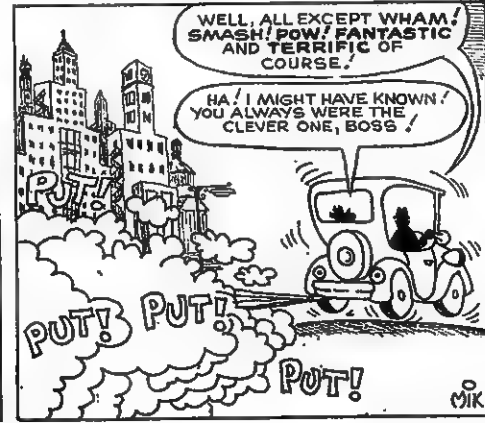
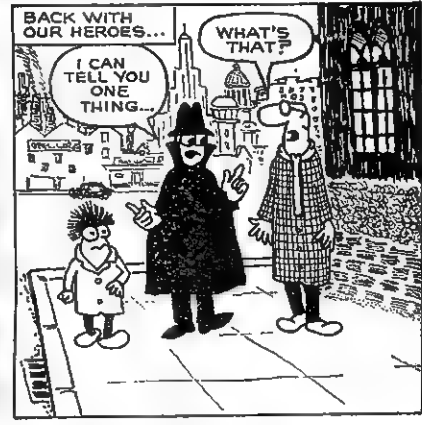
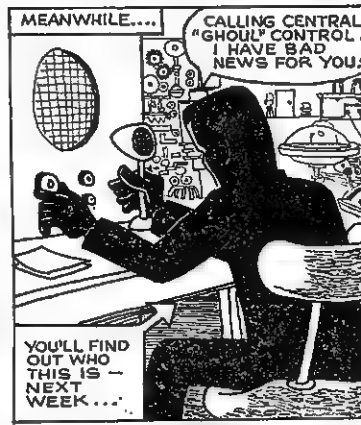


NOW I'M ALSO FINISHED WITH PLAYING GAMES! I'M PLAYING ROUGH! SO WHY NOT SAMPLE THE LATEST MODEL IN PLASTIC COATED HAND-GRENADES!



AARGH! I CAN'T SURVIVE. A GRENADE BLAST! I'M DOOMED!





news from the floor of 64!

**64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.**

IT happens, even in the quietest families! One minute everything is as peaceful and full of brotherly love as it should be... then BAMMMM! Everyone is falling out with each other! It's bad enough when it happens amongst ordinary folk like you and us... but when SUPER-HEROES fall out... then **STAND CLEAR!**

And that's exactly what's going on right now! This very week! In 'POW' our web-slinging SPIDERMAN, not satisfied with all the villains going around who need his special brand of clobbering, has to do battle with that 'SMASH' based favourite DAREDEVIL! And if THAT wasn't enough to rock the very foundation of comicdom, what do we find in the current issue of 'FANTASTIC'? Iron Man engaged in one of the biggest roundhouse in picture-story history with his old style Avengers pal CAPTAIN AMERICA!

Maybe it's something in the air! Maybe it's the prospect of winter coming that's upsetting everybody. Whatever it is, it's got US worried! Darn it, we up here in the garret could start scrapping with each other. And then who'd traffic our illustrious ishes to press?!!

* * *

We're going to say it again. If we do manage to give you the kind of comics you want it's because your **LETTERS**

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Joyce Tobin, Bootle, Lancs.; Gary Blatch, Kings Lynn, Norfolk; Pamela Addis, Nelson, Glamorganshire; Timothy Newton, Maidenhead, Berks; Simon Keighley, Hampstead, London, N.W.3; Geraldine Smith, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Robert Giles, Grimsby, Lincs; Pauline Grimshaw, Weymouth, Dorset; Lorna Carlton-Ellis, Canterbury, Kent; Andrew Gates, Chesham, Bucks; Stephen Garner, Woking, Surrey; Glenn Clarke, Victoria, Australia; Ian Maxwell, Glasgow, Scotland; Greg Wilson, Ilfracombe, Devon; Charlotte Cooke, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21; Ann Wood, Coventry; Howard Wesley, Worthing, Sussex; Helen Caddick, Deeside, Flintshire; Dolores Meredith, Hayes, Middlesex; Brian Heath, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

have helped show us how to do it. And don't think that because you may not have received an answer that your letter hasn't been read! Because, believe us, you couldn't be more wrong! Every day ALL the readers mail goes to a very, very hardworking CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT. Here, Jocular Jessie Starke (no relation at all to Fantastic's IRON MAN!) 'Mazing Marguerite' Mincher and their colleagues record every suggestion, every point of criticism or praise in EVERY letter. Then the letters are rebounded and sent to the appropriate editorial team who read them again... this time with a view to choosing those that will make the interesting additions to the Letters Pages.

So, be sure about it, everything you write to us plays its vital part in the development of Power Comics as the best papers of their type in the business. But excuse us, please, if we can't personally answer them all for we'd need DOUBLE the staff to even have a hope of doing that. And forgive us if YOUR letter hasn't yet been published... there are so many that deserve to be shown but we have to short-list even those, for otherwise we'd have no room in the papers for anything else (like your favourite fiction, for instance!!)

Above all, never forget how honest-to-goodness HELPFUL you are to us! So try to make those letters REALLY interesting... and keep them rolling in!

Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

think of a subject that he isn't good at, but we can tell you that his best subject is science. Now to the first part of your question, no-one—not even Spidey himself—knows the range of Spider-Man's web, but we should imagine that it goes a pretty long way.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

You may be surprised to hear from two old age pensioners!! But we are great devotees of your magazine POW! We especially like Spider-Man and The Python. We were introduced to this pleasure by our grandchildren and it just goes to show that you are never too old to be young at heart. Even though we are Darby and Joan we still want our Spider-Man T-shirts!

Mr. & Mrs. E. Node,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

And you shall get them!! The usual rule is one letter, one T-shirt, but in your case we're making an exception. We're tickled pink that you like POW so much, for its aim is to bring pleasure to people of all ages.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I like POW because of Spider-Man and all the other exciting and funny stories that are in it. I have always wondered

where Spider-Man's rope goes. Do you know the rope I mean? Whenever he swings from one building to another there is always a type of rope in front of him. What is it made of and where does it go? Please answer.

Neil Richardson,
Selby, Yorkshire.

Will do, Neil! The rope that is seen when Spidey swings from building to building is made of his special web fluid, and we can't divulge what that's made of!! The web rope doesn't really go anywhere, but as it is a sticky substance it clings onto buildings and that helps him to swing from one place to another quite easily.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

The main purpose of this letter is to say how GREAT your comic is. Like most of your readers, I am sure, I prefer Spider-Man of all the stories, and not just because he's a SUPER-HERO, but because he has problems like ordinary people. Nick Fury is my second favourite and I really went for the pin-up of him that appeared in 'Terrific'. Only one thing, why not have some Westerns in your papers?

Roy Harrop,
New Malden.

You've put your finger right on the REAL reason for Spidey's popularity, Roy. He IS a person just like you and I... or at least, he is some of the time. But, of course, when he puts on his Spider gear and takes off... then there's NO-ONE like him, nor ever has been. We're thinking about the Westerns idea. A lot of your readers have asked the same thing.

Alf and Bart.



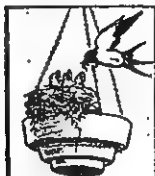
Dear Alf and Bart,

I would like to ask a question that I'm sure nearly all Pow Fans would like to have answered. So I would be very grateful if you would answer it. What is the range of Spider-Man's web? Oh, yes and could you also tell me what Peter Parker's worst subject is at school? He can't be brilliant at everything, can he? My favourite feature in POW is needless to say Spider-Man and I also like The Python and Fury. Long live POW.

Paul Thomas,
Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

First let's put one point right, Paul... Peter Parker IS brilliant at everything! We can't think what subject he is worst at, come to think of it we can't

Rings Believe It or Not!



SWALLOWS
BUILT A NEST
IN A HOME IN
RHYL, WALES,
IN A LAMP SHADE
IN A BEDROOM
THE OWNER OF
THE HOUSE, A MR.
REES, GAVE UP HIS
BEDROOM UNTIL
THE SWALLOWS HAD
HATCHED 4 EGGS
AND REARED THEIR
BROOD (1954)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



PETER KARL THURWIESER
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF SALZBURG,
AUSTRIA, CLIMBED 4,200-FOOT
HIGH MOUNT GALSBERG
480 TIMES

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THE FIRST PICTURE of a CAULIFLOWER EAR
A GOLD COIN MINTED IN TARANTO, Italy,
2,400 YEARS AGO DEPICTS
HERCULES AS A PUGILIST
WITH A CAULIFLOWER EAR



THE
STONE
SKULL
NATURAL
ROCK
FORMATION
near
Montserrat,
Spain

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



THE DAILY WORLD
in Omaha, U.S.A.
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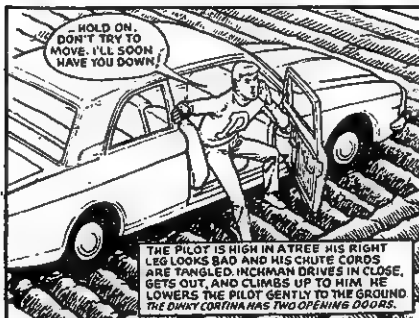
THE TORNADO PILOT IS IN TROUBLE.
SUDDENLY THE AIRCRAFT PLUNGES
INTO A CRASH DIVE THE PILOT EJECTS.
JUST IN TIME.



HE'S VERY LOW -
AND HEADING STRAIGHT
FOR THAT WOOD!



INCHMAN LEAVES THE ROAD AND
HEADS FOR THE PILOT - ACROSS A
PLOUGHED FIELD! THE CORTINA
TAKES THE BUMPS IN ITS STRIDE.
THE DINKY CORTINA HAS PRESTOMATIC
STEERING AND SUSPENSION



HOLD ON,
DON'T TRY TO
MOVE, I'LL SOON
HAVE YOU DOWN!

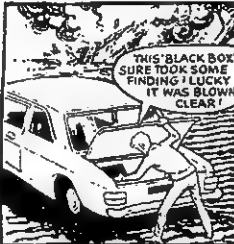
THE PILOT IS HIGH IN A TREE HIS RIGHT
LEG LOOKS BAD AND HIS CHUTE CORDS
ARE TANGLED. INCHMAN DRIVES IN CLOSE,
GETS OUT, AND CLIMBS UP TO HIM. HE
LOWERS THE PILOT GENTLY TO THE GROUND
THE DINKY CORTINA HAS TWO OPENING DOORS.

INCHMAN QUICKLY DRESSES THE
PILOT'S LEG, EASES HIM ONTO THE
CORTINA'S REAR SEAT THEN DRIVES TO
THE WRECKED PLANE. THE DINKY
CORTINA HAS TILT-FORWARD SEATS.



NEVER MIND MY
LEG, TRY AND GET THE
FLIGHT RECORDER
FROM THE
AIRCRAFT.

TAKE IT EASY,
I'LL SEARCH FOR
THE 'BLACK BOX'
RIGHT AWAY.



THIS 'BLACK BOX'
SURE TOOK SOME
FINDING! LUCKY
IT WAS BLOWN
CLEAR!

AFTER SAFELY STOWING THE TOP
SECRET FLIGHT RECORDER IN THE
CORTINA'S BOOT, INCHMAN DRIVES
THE PILOT STEADILY BACK TO HIS
BASE, AND HOSPITAL. THE DINKY
CORTINA HAS AN OPENING BOOT.



THANKS INCHMAN,
A PLEASANT RESCUE.
TEST PILOT AND
FLIGHT RECORDS

GLAD TO HELP
YOU'LL SOON BE
FLYING HIGH
AGAIN.

THE DINKY FORD CORTINA HAS TWO OPENING DOORS, ALSO
TILT-FORWARD SEATS, PRESTOMATIC STEERING AND SUSPENSION,
OPENING BOOT, OPENING BONNET (WITH SPECIAL RELEASE),
DETAILED ENGINE, CHROME GRILLE AND BUMPERS, AND
LOTS MORE AUTHENTIC DETAILS



JUST LIKE INCHMAN YOU CAN HAVE
LOTS OF ADVENTURES WITH THE SUPER
ALL-ACTION DINKY FORD CORTINA
ASK FOR MODEL N°159 PRICE 7s. 11d.

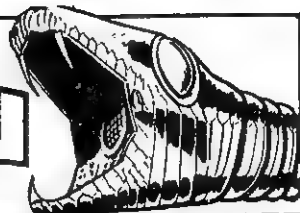
THERE'S ALWAYS
SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS

PROD. BY DINKY TOYS LTD. 100, NEWBURY RD., READING, RG2 9AT, ENGLAND.
G. & S. LTD. 100, NEWBURY RD., READING, RG2 9AT, ENGLAND.

HAVING FINISHED
ONE ADVENTURE,
DON MASON AND
VIC LEWIS HAVE
DECIDED TO RELAX
AT A CASINO...

THE PYTHON



I TOLD YOU I
HAD THAT LUCKY FEELING,
DON. WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE A BIG KILLING
TONIGHT!

I WAS GOING TO
TRY MY SKILL WITH THE
DICE. BUT WHY SHOULD
I WORK WHILE YOU'RE
DOING IT FOR BOTH
OF US?



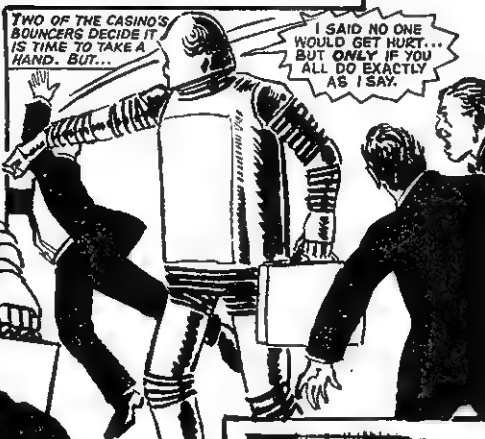
THE GAME IS
SUDDENLY
INTERRUPTED...

WHAT ON
EARTH...

IT'S SOME
SORT OF
PRACTICAL
JOKE!



IT IS NOT A JOKE, MYSIEU!
JUST PUT ALL YOUR MONEY
AND JEWELLERY IN
THIS CASE AND NO
ONE WILL GET
HURT.



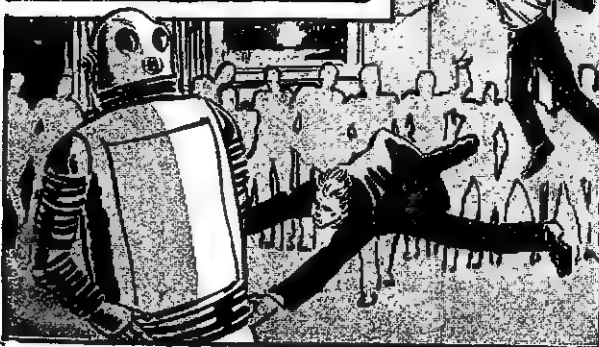
TWO OF THE CASINO'S
BOUNCERS DECIDE IT
IS TIME TO TAKE A
HAND. BUT...

I SAID NO ONE
WOULD GET HURT...
BUT ONLY IF YOU
ALL DO EXACTLY
AS I SAY.



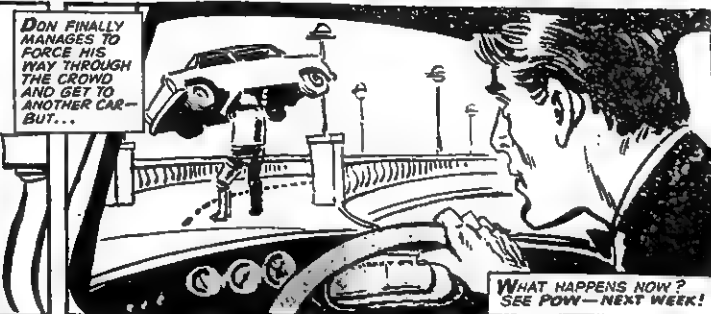
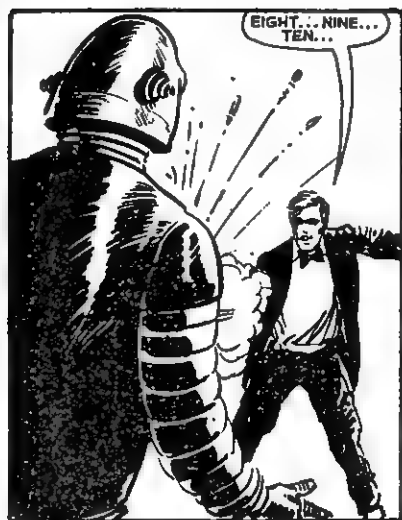
GET ROUND TO THE SIDE
AND GO FOR HIS LEGS WHILE
I GO INTO MY TARZAN
ACT.

OKAY!
BUT LET'S HOPE
HE'S NOT AS
TOUGH AS I THINK
HE IS!

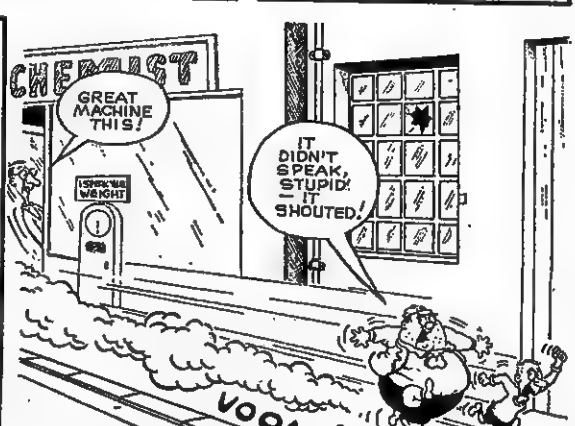
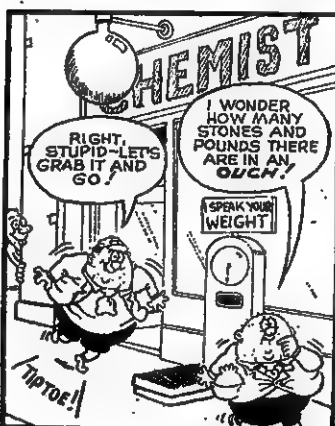
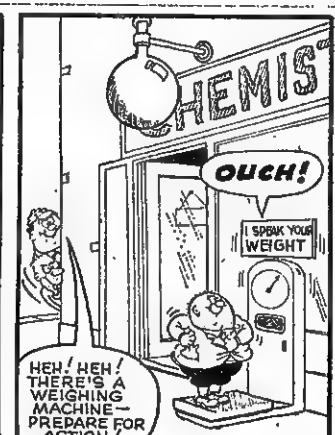
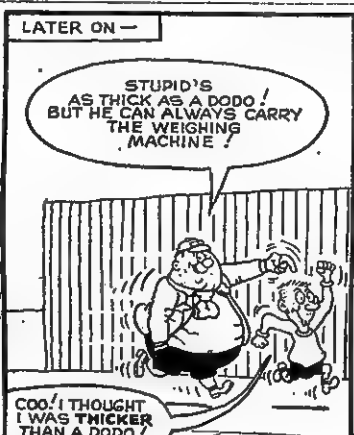
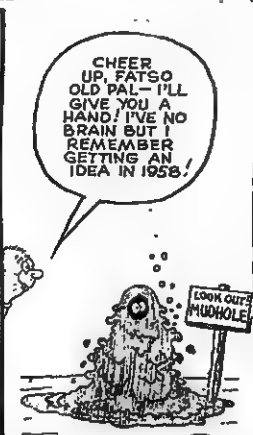


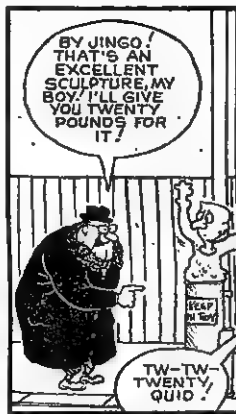
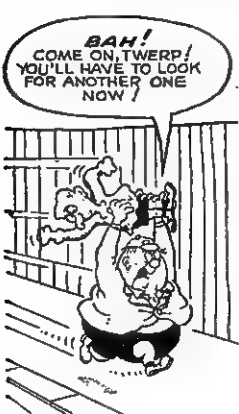
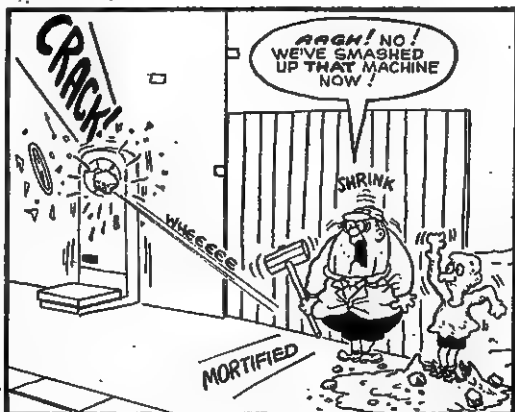
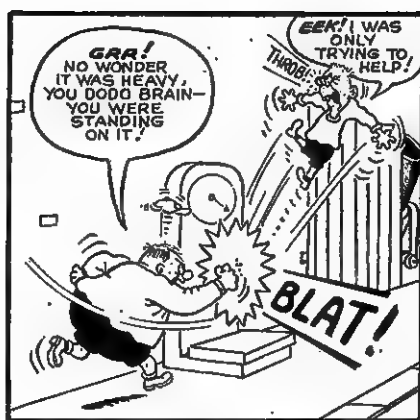
THIS IS LIKE
TRYING TO KNOCK
OVER NELSON'S
COLUMN WITH AN
ICE CREAM
CORNET.

WHY DO
I ALWAYS END
UP BY GETTING
HURT?

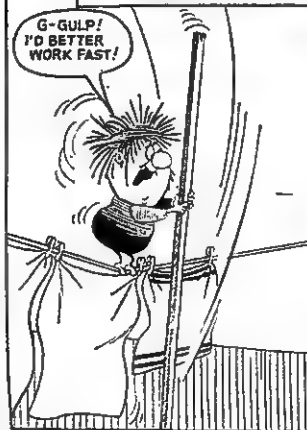


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SGT. FURY *and his* HOWLING COMMANDOS

"AT THE MERCY OF BARON STRUCKER"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

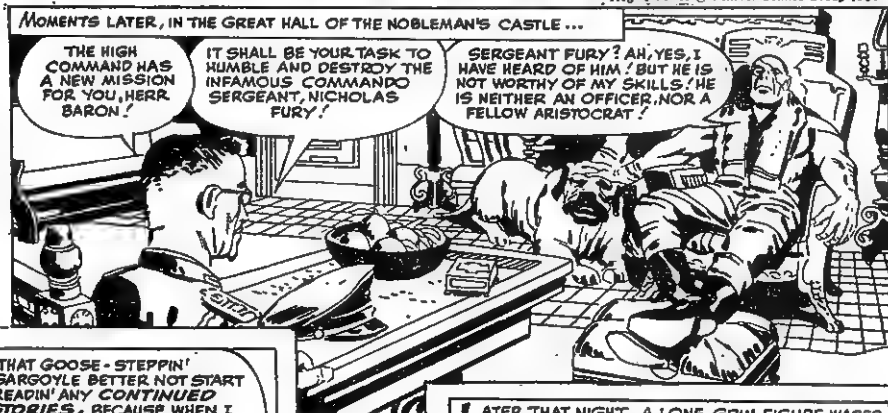
JUST TO PUT YOU IN THE PICTURE FOR THE FINAL OF THIS FAST AND FURIOUS EPIC, LET'S LOOK BACK ON WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR... IT BEGAN IN THE CASTLE OF MASTER-DUELLIST BARON STRUCKER... WITH YET ANOTHER NAZI PLOT TO DESTROY SERGEANT FURY!

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE NOBLEMAN'S CASTLE...

THE HIGH COMMAND HAS A NEW MISSION FOR YOU, HERR BARON!

IT SHALL BE YOUR TASK TO HUMBLE AND DESTROY THE INFAMOUS COMMANDO SERGEANT, NICHOLAS FURY!

SERGEANT FURY? AH, YES, I HAVE HEARD OF HIM! BUT HE IS NOT WORTHY OF MY SKILLS; HE IS NEITHER AN OFFICER, NOR A FELLOW ARISTOCRAT!



A BATTLE-CHALLENGE FROM STRUCKER SETS FURY HOWLIN'!

IT'S A CHALLENGE!! BUT, WHAT THIS HE CALLS ME? ...A MEALY-MOUTHED, YELLOW-BELLIED, NON-ARYAN COWARD?! ME?! NICK FURY?!!

THAT GOOSE-STEPPIN' GARGOYLE BETTER NOT START READIN' ANY CONTINUED STORIES, BECAUSE WHEN I GET MY MITTS ON 'IM I'LL SPLATTER HIM RIGHT IN THE FUHRER'S FACE! I'LL JUST PLAIN DEMOLISH HIM!



THE SARGE IS ORDERED TO IGNORE BARON STRUCKER'S CHALLENGE BUT...

LATER THAT NIGHT, A LONE, GRIM FIGURE WADES ASHORE ON THE ISOLATED ISLE OF NORSEHAVEN...

THIS IS THE PLACE! WITH LUCK, I CAN POLISH STRUCKER OFF AND BE BACK BEFORE ANYONE MISSES ME!



BUT STRUCKER USES A DRUG TO WEAKEN HIS OPPONENT...

DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN COUNT ON MY RAW MUSCLE POWER TO STOP HIS SKILL, BUT... HEY... WHAT'S WRONG?! I-I FEEL KINDA WEAK...

HAH!! YOUR STRENGTH IS FAILING!



WHAT ARE YA WAITIN' FOR, STRUCKER?! WANT SOME MORE BULLY BOYS TO HELP YOU?! COMON BACK AND FIGHT!!



IF YOU'RE WAITIN' FOR ME TO GIVE UP, YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME!



I'LL FIGHT YA TILL I DROP, DO YA HEAR?

TILL I... DROP!

IT IS FINISHED! YOU HAFF VON, HERR BARON!



AND SO THE ONE-SIDED DUEL ENDS WITH THE INEVITABLE. . .



SUDDENLY, FROM THEIR PLACES OF CONCEALMENT, A BATTERY OF UNIFORMED CAMERAMEN AND PROPAGANDA SPECIALISTS APPEAR, GETTING TO WORK WITH TYPICAL NAZI EFFICIENCY!

START EDITING DER FILMS: ERASE ALL PORTIONS WHICH SHOW ANY-
VON HELPING
DER BARON!



SOMETIME LATER, A SPEEDING GERMAN JU-88 STREAKS ACROSS BRITAIN, HURLING A PRISONER EARTHWARD BY PARACHUTE AT A PREDESIGNATED SPOT...

GO! NOW YOU MAY JOIN YOUR VERDAMNTE COMMANDOS! WE HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU!! WE SHALL SPARE YOUR LIFE AND ALLOW YOU TO RETURN IN DISGRACE!



FINALLY, IN CAPTAIN "HAPPY SAM" SAWYER'S ORDERLY ROOM...

WE FOUND HIM HALF-CONSCIOUS IN THE MARSHES, CAPTAIN!

YOU DISOBEYED, DID YOU?? YOU IGNORED MY ORDERS, AND SNEAKED OFF TO TANGLE WITH STRUCKER, EH?? WELL, YOU'RE GONNA LIVE TO REGRET IT, SOLDIER!



LOOK AT THESE NAZI PAPERS! LOOK AT THE PICTURES... YOUR PICTURES... PLASTERED ALL OVER THEM! THEY'VE MADE YOU A LAUGHING STOCK! "TOUGH COMMANDO SERGEANT CLOBBERED BY NAZI OFFICER!"

SO THAT WAS THE PURPOSE...



THANKS TO YOUR WIFUL DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS YOU'VE HANDED THE NAZIS THEIR BIGGEST PROPAGANDA VICTORY IN MONTHS. NOW AREN'T YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF, FURY??

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, CAPTAIN...



WELL, I DO! I SAY YOU'RE BUSTED, SOLDIER! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN PRIVATE FURY NOW... AND YOU'RE LUCKY WE NEED EVERY MAN, OR YOU'D SIT OUT THE REST OF THE WAR IN THE GUARDHOUSE!



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE TALKING THIS WAY TO YOU, NICK! NOT TO THE MAN WHO... WHO... SNIFF...

YES, SIR... CAPTAIN!

GET OUT OF HERE, SOLDIER! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!



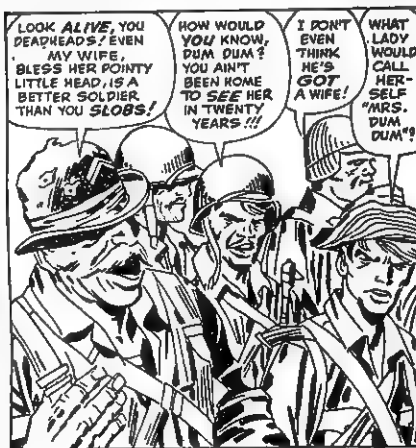
LATER THAT DAY... CORPORAL DUM-DUM DUGAN, THE RANKING NON-COM OF THE FIRST ATTACK SQUAD OF ABLE COMPANY, TAKES HIS HOWLERS OUT FOR AN AIRING.

HUP TUP THUP FUR! HUP TUP THUP FUR!

C'MON, YOU GOLD-BRICKS! GET THE LEAD OUT! LIFT THOSE GUNBOATS! THIS AINT A BLINKING PICNIC!

COMPARED TO FURY, DUM-DUM SOUNDS LIKE HE'S WHISPERIN'!

YEAH, KEB! I FEEL LIKE I'M LISTENIN' TO A SWEET LITTLE LULLABY, BY!



LOOK ALIVE, YOU DEADHEADS! EVEN MY WIFE, BLESS HER POINTY LITTLE HEAD, IS A BETTER SOLDIER THAN YOU SLOBS!

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW, DUM DUM? YOU AIN'T BEEN HOME TO SEE HER IN TWENTY YEARS!!!

I DON'T EVEN THINK HE'S GOT A WIFE!

WHAT LADY WOULD CALL HERSELF "MRS. DUM DUM"?



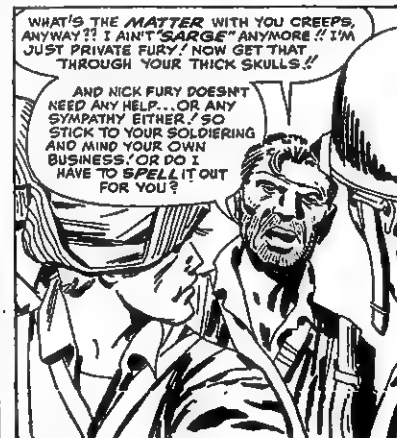
SAY, NICK! I... NICKS... YOU'VE BEEN DRAGGING YOUR FEET... I WAS EXPECTING THIS! NOW THAT I'VE LOST MY STRIPES, THIS IS THEIR CHANCE TO PAY ME BACK FOR BEIN' SO TOUGH ON THEM! WELL, I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME 'EM, I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE IT!



MAYBE YOU DON'T FEEL WELL, FELLA? IF YOU WANT, WE CAN TAKE A BREAK FOR A WHILE! IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO REST UP! WANT ME TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR PACK, NICK?

I'LL BE GLAD TO CARRY IT, NICK! YOU CAN HAVE MY BUGLE, INSTEAD!

HERE, SARGE... WANT A SIP OUT OF MY CANTEEN?



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU CREEPS, ANYWAY?? I AIN'T SARGE NO MORE!! I'M JUST PRIVATE FURY! NOW GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULLS!!

AND NICK FURY DOESN'T NEED ANY HELP... OR ANY SYMPATHY EITHER! SO STICK TO YOUR SOLDIERING AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, OR DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU?

MAN! DID YOU HEAR HIM BELOW?? JUST LIKE OLD TIMES!

IT WAS JUST LIKE MUSIC TO MY SHELL-LIKE EARS!

OKAY, YOU HEROES! NOW THAT WE CLEARED THE AIR... LET'S JUST TAKE US A LITTLE FIVE MILE TROT BACK TO CAMP... DOUG! - TROT! - FOLLOW ME!

SURE! SOME-ONE'S GOT TO CATCH YOU WHEN YOU FALL ON YOUR FACE, HEAR?

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE "BIG PUSH" WHICH CAPTAIN SAWYER HAD MENTIONED TO NICK FURY EARLIER, IS BEGUN! ONE BY ONE THE HOWLERS FILE INTO A SPECIALLY ADAPTED BRITISH STIRLING BOMBER.

SHUCKS! NOW COME THERE'S NO HOSTAGES ON THIS AIRLINE!?

KEEP IT MOVIN' YOU GUYS! WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE NAZIS WAITIN'!

AND, OVER A SECLUDED FOREST NEAR THE HEAVILY GUARDED TOWN OF DORTSTADT, SIX BATTLE-HARDENED MEN PARACHUTE TO EARTH...

OH, IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL...

SHUDDUP, YOU CLOWN!

KEEP MOVING, YOU GUYS! REMEMBER, OUR JOB IS TO FIND THE ROCKET BASE AT DORTSTADT AND KNOCK IT OUT BY THE TIME THE INFANTRY FINISHES ITS PUSH!

THAT'S ALL??! AND WHAT DO THEY ALL EXPECT US TO DO WHILE WE'RE RESTING!?

DUM DUM! TELL THE HOWLERS TO TAKE COVER! THERE'S A CYCLIST HEADING THIS WAY!

YOU HEARD THE MAN! GET OUT OF SIGHT... FAST! GABE! DINO! EXCUTE MANOEUVRE "W"!

MANOEUVRE "W"! THIS CONSISTS OF STRETCHING A TAUT, HARD-TO- SEE WIRE ACROSS A ROAD, SECURED BY A COMMANDO AT EACH END! THE WIRE IS USUALLY WRAPPED AROUND A TREE TRUNK FOR ADDITIONAL SUPPORT! IT IS HELD IN PLACE IN THAT MANNER, UNTIL...

WHOOOM!!

DISPOSING OF THE CYCLIST, THE HOWLERS TAKE COVER AS A NAZI 150 MM. MOBILE HOWITZER RUMBLES DOWN THE ROAD...

WHY ARE YE STOPPING? WHERE ISS OUR MOTOR-CYCLE SENTRY?

HE MUST BE UP AHEAD! WE WANT TO SECURE OUR MAIN LUGS BEFORE ADVANCING!

SUPPENLY, FURY'S HELMET, DANGLING BY ITS STRAP, FALLS TO THE GROUND AS THE LOOSENED STRAP SNAPS OPEN...

VAS IST LOS?

AN AMERIKANER HELMET!!

CLANG!!

SOUND OFF, YOU HOWLERS!!

WAH-HOOO!!

MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE DUST HAS CLEARED...

NOT BAD! NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR THE ROCKET BASE AT DORTSTADT IN STYLE!!

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE ROCKET BASE AT DORTSTADT IS ROCKED BY A MYSTERIOUS, DAMAGING EXPLOSION!!



WITHIN MINUTES THE BASE IS RENDERED INOPERATIVE, AS THE RADAR IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED.



...AND THE PLANES, USED FOR AIR COVER, ARE SHATTERED BEFORE THEY CAN LEAVE THE GROUND!!



YOU SHOOT PRETTY GOOD FOR A NORTHERNER, DINO?

NOTHING LIKE PASTING THE NAZIS WITH THEIR OWN HOWTZER AND THEIR OWN AMMO!

THEY STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM. WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL DO A LITTLE MOPPING UP WHILE WE'RE HERE!

THEIR H.Q. BARRACKS IS JUST AHEAD. WHY DON'T WE PAY 'EM A PERSONAL VISIT?



USING THE "TIGER TANK" CHASSIS AS A BATTERING RAM, THE HOWLERS SMASH THROUGH THE OUTER WALL OF THE BASE. AND THEN...

LET'S GO, YOU GUYS. IT'S TIME WE HAD US A LITTLE TREASURE HUNT!



BUT, AS THEY STORM INTO THE H.Q. BARRACKS, THEY FIND A "TREASURE" THEY HAD NEVER EXPECTED...

IT'S HIM!! BARON STRUCKER!

THIS BASE MUST BE PART OF HIS COMMAND!

FURY! AND THE COMMANDOS!



EASY, NICK! HEY, DUM DUM, HELP ME HOLD HIM!

WHAT FOR, DINO? I FIGURE FURY'S GOT HIS INNINGS COMING TO HIM.

LET GO OF ME! LET ME AT HIM! HE'S MINE, DO YOU HEAR??

I WOULD BE HAPPY TO FIGHT YOU AGAIN, AMERIKANER!



BUT THIS TIME I WOULD NOT BE SO MERCIFUL! THIS TIME IT WOULD BE TO THE FINISH!

THAT'S JUST THE WAY I WANT IT, MISTER!

BUT, NICK, HE LICKED YOU BEFORE! WHAT IF...?

A GUY CAN ONLY DIE ONCE, CAN'T HE??



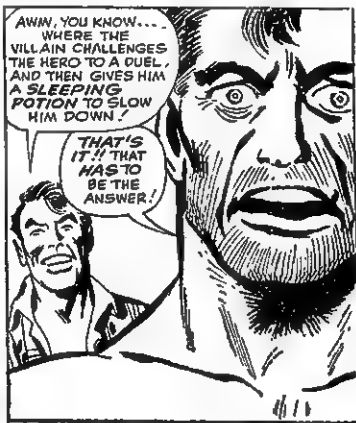
FIRST, WE SHALL DRINK A TOAST AGAIN, LIKE GENTLEMEN!

SURE! SURE! ANYTHING! JUST SO'S I GET MY HANDS ON YOU AGAIN!



QUIT CLOWNING NICK! YOU KNOW THE REASON FOR THE TOAST, DON'T YOU? I'VE PLAYED THIS SCENE IN FILMS DOZEN TIMES!

HUH? WHAT SCENE??



AWIN, YOU KNOW... WHERE THE VILLAIN CHALLENGES THE HERO TO A DUEL, AND THEN GIVES HIM A SLEEPING POTION TO SLOW HIM DOWN!

THAT'S IT!! THAT HAS TO BE THE ANSWER!

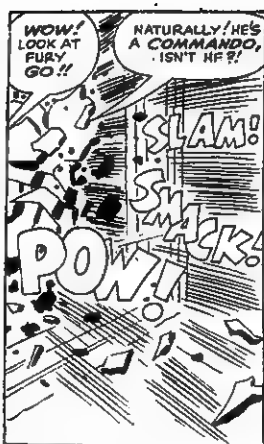


YOU CRUMMY, LOW-DOWN RAT!! WITH ALL YOUR TALK OF HONOUR AND DUELIN' CODES, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE NOW, WHEN THE DECK ISN'T STACKED IN YOUR FAVOUR!

BAH! THE DRINK WAS JUST INSURANCE! I CAN DESTROY YOU WITHOUT IT!



YEAH? HOW? LIKE THIS? OR MAYBE WITH A PUNCH LIKE THIS? TELL ME NAZI! I'M DYING TO FIND OUT!



WOW! LOOK AT FURY GO!!

NATURALLY, HE'S A COMMANDO, ISN'T HE?!

SLAM!

POW!



WHAM!



GET UP, YOU, YELLOW HYENA!! GET UP, AND TELL ME AGAIN HOW YOU CAN BEAT AN AMERICAN!!

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU, NICK!! ALL HE CAN HEAR NOW IS THE SWEET SINGING OF A THOUSAND LITTLE BIRDS!!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? FURY ISN'T EVEN SCRATCHED!

C'MON, DUM DUM! HAUL OUT THAT CAMERA OF YOURS AND TAKE SOME PIX OF THIS! WE'LL SHOW THE WORLD HOW GREAT BARON STRUCKER REALLY IS!

DON'T BOTHER LOOKING FOR FURY'S BEST PROFILE! THE BIG OX HASN'T GOT ONE!!

TILT HIS HEAD A LITTLE MORE, DINO! THAT'S IT... YOU GOT HIM! LOOKING ALMOST HUMAN!

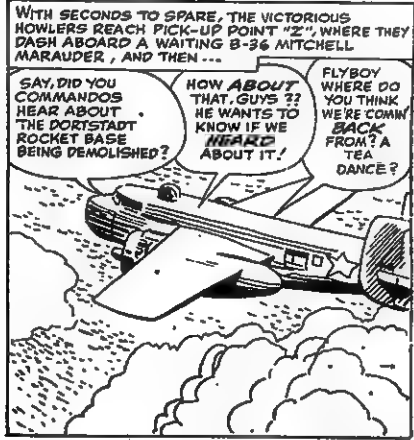
YOU SHOULD WAIT TILL THE BARON WAKES UP... AND THEN TELL HIM TO SMILE!



A FINE THING, YOU'RE HAVIN' A PARTY IN HERE WHILE OL' IZ KEEPS GUARD OUTSIDE! WELL, KIDDIES, THE PARTY'S OVER!

BRRRAAP!

HEAD FOR THE RENDEZ-VOUS POINT... FAST! HALF THE BLAMED GERMAN ARMY IS ON MY HEELS!!



WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, THE VICTORIOUS HOWLERS REACH PICK-UP POINT "Z", WHERE THEY DASH ABOARD A WAITING B-36 MITCHELL MARAUDER, AND THEN...

SAY, DID YOU COMMANDOS HEAR ABOUT THE DORTSTADT ROCKET BASE BEING DEMOLISHED?

HOW ABOUT THAT, GUYS?? HE WANTS TO KNOW IF WE HEARD ABOUT IT!

FLYBOY WHERE DO YOU THINK WE'RE COMIN' BACK FROM? A TEA DANCE?



LATER THAT WEEK, AFTER THE COMMANDOS HAVE RETURNED...

CAPTAIN SAWYER, YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST OFFICER IN THIS COMMAND!

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, GENERAL?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO ACT INNOCENT WITH ME, MY BOY! WE BOTH KNOW HOW PROUD YOU MUST BE ABOUT NICK FURY!



YOU SLY OLD FOX! YOU'RE THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE GENERAL STAFF! ANY OF US WOULD GIVE OUR EYE-TEETH TO HAVE A NON-COM LIKE FURY UNDER US!

WELL, DON'T KEEP ME WAITING, MAN! WHEN AM I GOING TO MEET THE MOST FAMOUS SERGEANT IN THIS SECTOR?



IN A MINUTE, GENERAL! WAIT RIGHT THERE, SIR! THERE'S... ULP!... JUST ONE LITTLE THING I HAVE TO ATTEND TO!

A FINE OFFICER, THAT, CAPTAIN SAWYER! AND A WONDERFUL JUDGE OF MEN... KEEPING FURY IN CHARGE OF THE HOWLING COMMANDOS!



DUM-DUM! GABE! REBEL!! ALL OF YOU! INTO YOUR CLASS "A" DUDS... ON THE DOUBLE!!

AND SOMEONE GET ME A SET OF SERGEANT STRIPES! AND I DON'T MEAN LATER! I MEAN NOW!



EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, FURY'S OUR TOP-KICK AGAIN, IZ!

YEAH, DUM DUM! WONDER HOW MANY TIMES HE'S BEEN BUSTED AND THEN RESTORED TO GRADE??

BOY, IF I WAS A HOLLY-WOOD CASTING DIRECTOR, FURY SURE IS THE GUY I'D HIRE TO PLAY A COMMANDO SERGEANT!

MY BOY, YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE A CREDIT TO THE SERVICE! THE ENTIRE NATION IS AS PROUD OF YOU AS I KNOW YOUR CAPTAIN MUST BE!

MAYBE I'LL WAKE UP AND FIND OUT THE WHOLE THING WAS JUST A BAD DREAM!!

AND SO THINGS ARE BACK TO NORMAL FOR THE HOWLERS, BUT YOU CAN BET THEY WON'T STAY THAT WAY FOR LONG! NOT WITH NICK FURY IN CHARGE! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISH OF POW FOR AN EXTRA SPECIAL ACTION-PACKED FURY STORY! WE WANT YOU TO BE HERE! THAT'S AN ORDER!!

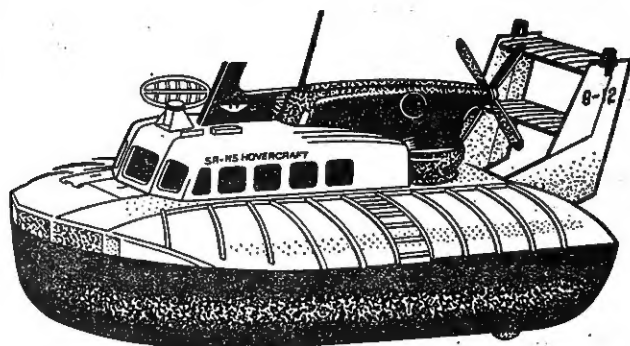
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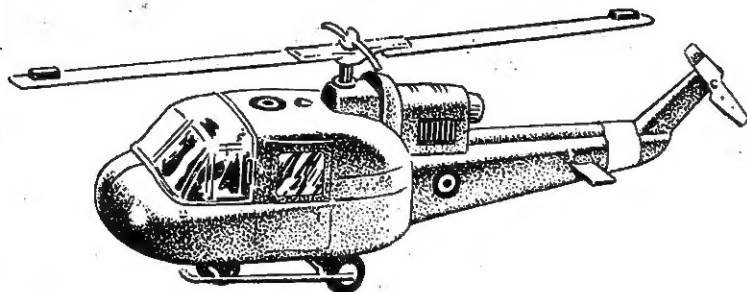
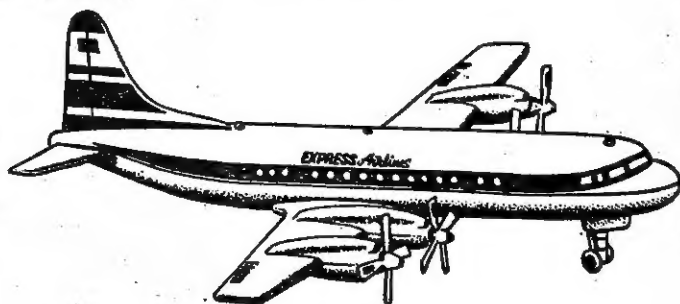
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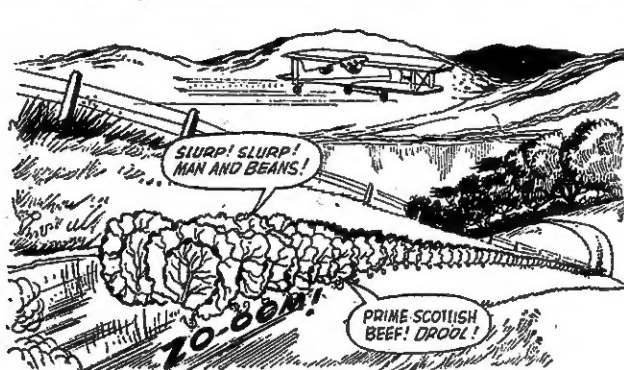
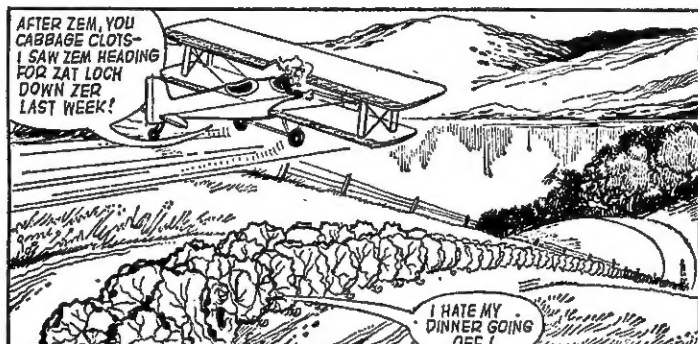
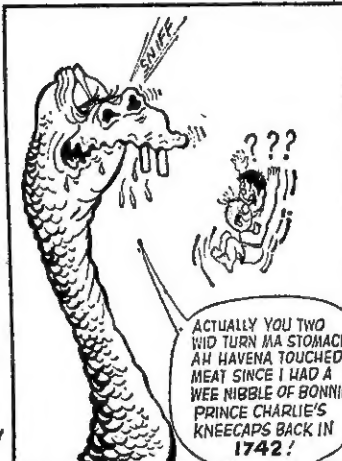
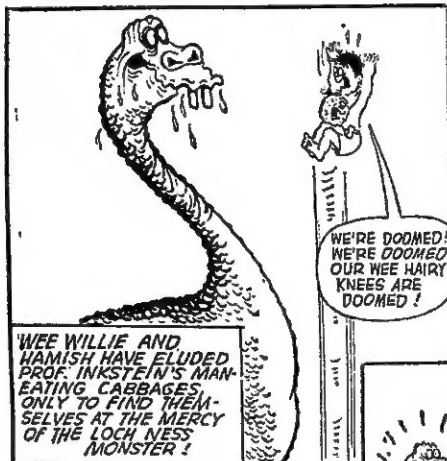
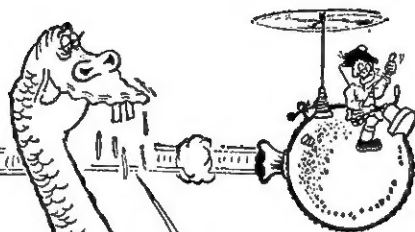
Imagine lighted rotors spinning away, tail-blades whirling, engine lights blinking, typical 'copter engine' clatter — imagine a super model, correct in every detail, of an air-sea rescue craft finished in the real-life colours. This is the CHOP CHOP . . . powered by two U-2 batteries (not supplied) . . . an action toy to be proud of!

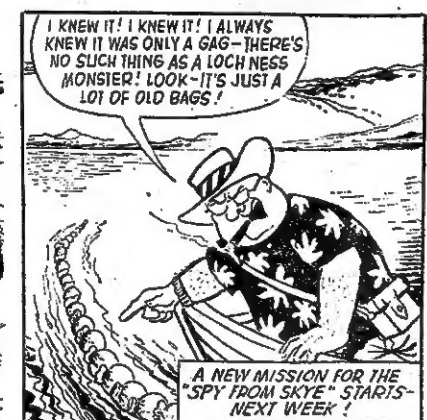
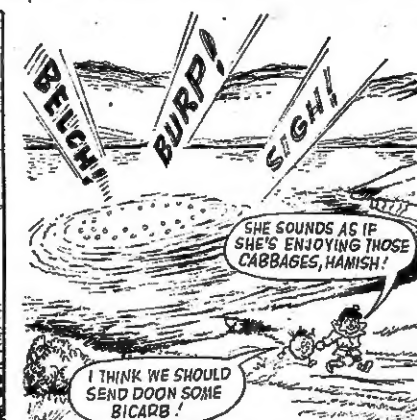
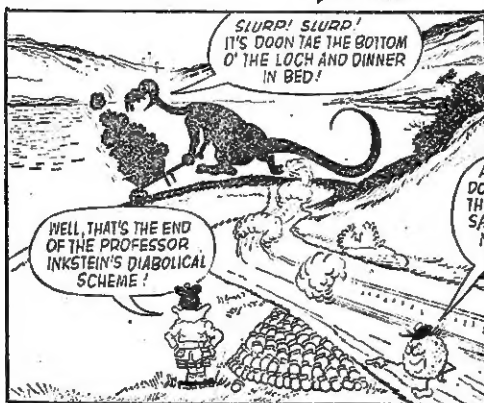
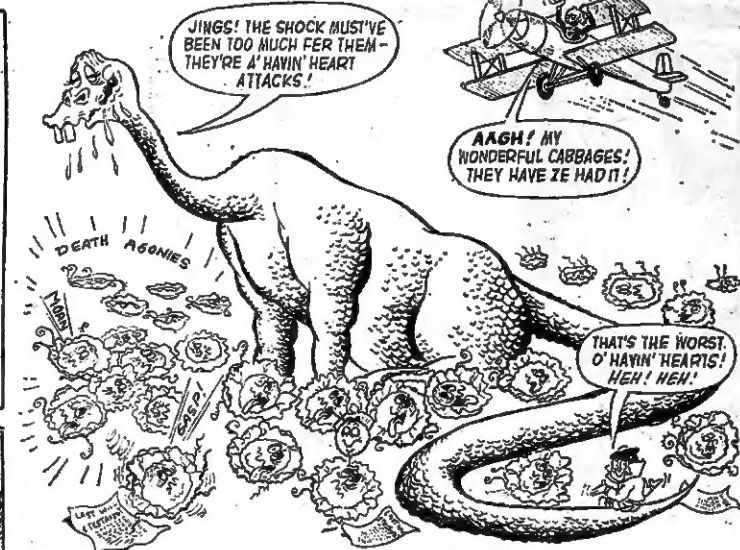
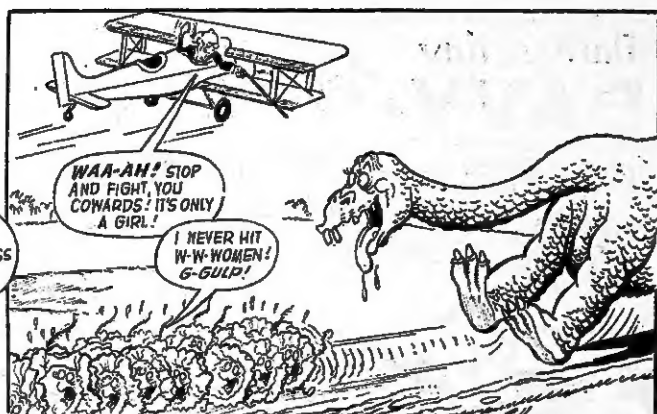
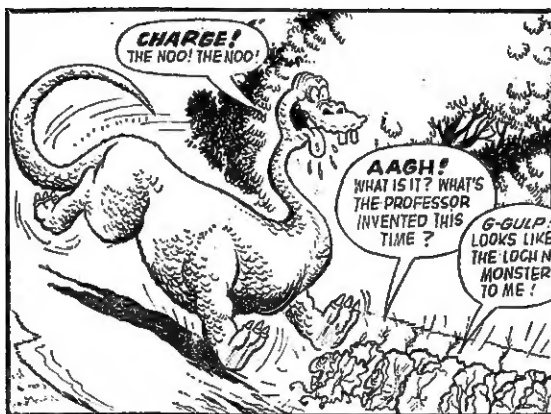
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